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The Fashionable, or, London and country songster

London

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THE

FASHIONABLE;

OR, LONDON AND COUNTRY

SONGSTER.

No. 4. TO BE COMPLETE IN TWELVE NUMBERS. Published every Monday.

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LONDON:
T. GOODE, AYLESBURY STREET,
CLERKENWELL.

with Mus. P.S. [illegible]

THE WOOING SEASON.

Sung by Miss Poel.

Dost thou idly wish to hear
At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent when lovers near,
Press the tenderest reasons.
Ah, they give their faith too oft—
To the careless wooer,
Maidens 'hearts are always soft,
Would that men's were truer,

Woo the fair one when around—
Early birds are singing,
When o'er all the fragrant ground,
Early herbs are springing,
When the brook side bank and grove
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,
Woo the timid maiden.

Ah, woo her when with rosy blush,
Summer eve is sinking,
When on rills that softly gush—
Stars are softly winking;
When thro' boughs that knit the bower,
Moonlight gleams are streaming,
Woo her till the gentle hour,
Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her when Autumnal dyes—
Tinge the woody mountain,
When the drooping foliage lies,
In the weedy fountain.
Let the scene that tells how fast—
Youth is passing over,
Warn her ere her bloom is past,
To secure her lover.

Ah, woo her when the north winds call—
At the lattice nightly,
When within the cheerful call,
Blaze the faggots brightly.
While the wintry tempest sound,
Sweeps the landscape hoary,
Sweeter in her ears shall sound,
Loves delightful story,

BILLY BARLOW.

As sung by Mr, Cowell.

Oh, young London gen'l'men, how do you do?
I'm here before you with one boot and one shoe,
I don't know how it is, but somehow 'tis so,
Now isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow.
Oh dear, oh raggedy, oh,
Now isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow?

As I was going down town t'other day,
The people all stared, and some of 'em did say—
Why, that 'ere young covey now, he ain't so slow,
I guees not, says a lady, that's William Barlow.
Oh, dear, &c.
I guess not, says a lady that's Mr. Barlow.

There's a chap in this town, of his name I can't think,
He's a tryin' to persuade people not for to drink,
When he shows me his medal, says I its no go,
You can't make a tee-totaller of Billy Barlow.
Oh dear, &c.
The cold water cure don't suit Billy Barlow.

As I went up Bond Street last Saturday night,
I was very much tickled when I seed a sight
Of a crowd of young ladies at Michell's window,
A viewing the likeness of Billy Barlow.
Oh dear, &c.
But not half so good looking as Billy Barlow,

They went in to buy it, and I saw 'em turn pale,
When Mitchell he told 'em it wasn't for sale,
For Prince Albert axed for it and to him it must go,
When he'll set German music to Billy Barlow.
Oh dear, &c.
The Prince would look well dressed as Billy Barlow.

For a trip to Southampton I went t'other day,
When a crowd gathered round and I heard a cove say—

Why that's Kossuth incog., and I'd have ye to know,
They set the bells ringing for Billy Barlow.
Oh, dear &c.
'Cause a Hung'ry young hero was Billy Barlow,

I paid sixpence t'other day, and odd it did seem—
To see lots of chicken a hatching by steam.
So I said to the man who conducted the show,
Can you hatch me a chicken like Billy Barlow?
Oh, dear, &c.
He's rather a rare bird is Billy Barlow.

Now young London gen'l'men I'll wish you good bye,
I'll get a new suit when clothes ain't so high,
My hat's shocking bad, that all of you know,
But it looks well on the head of Billy Barlow.

PADDY ON THE RAILWAY.

Tune—King of the Cannibal Islands.

Paddy one day from Greenock town,
To Glasgow city sure was bound,
He swore that if it cost him a crown
He'd go along the railway.
Paddy from home had never been,
A railway train had never seen,
He longed to see the great machine,
That runs along the railway.
With that he flew in furious case,
Show me the railway if you plase?
My carcase will not be at aise,
Till I get along the railway.

Hubbaboo, dideroo, fillilloo, all the way,
Three hundred miles an half the day
Ah, says he, get out of the way,
For I'm going by the railway.

Then off he flew with furious might
And put the people in a terrible fright,
Blood and 'ownds get out of my sight
I'm going to catch the railway.
The railway station soon he found,
The first class fare he then paid down
Thinking thus to be the first in town
That day upon the railway,
Paddy who had been the lady's delight,
Jumps into a box with all his might,
Chock full of ladies drest in white,
Who were going by the railway.
Hubbaboo, &c.

He sat among their satins white,
They screamed with all their might.
For he put them in a terrible fright,
That day upon the railway,
Up came a chap with curly hair,
Swore that Paddy had'nt paid his fare,
And cursed him for an Irish bear,
Whe'd never been on a railway.
Pat's Irish blood began to rise,
He took the spalpeen by surprise.
He bled his nose and blacked his eyes,
That day upon the railway.

The Peeler soon grabbed poor Pat,
And before the magistrate (that flat),
He swore he had been in fact—
Nigh murdered on the railway—
For three months Paddy was sent to the mill
Bad luck to the rail, he had his fill,
The silent dodge made him quite ill,
After excitement on the railway.
Soon he grew quite thin and weak,
Thinks he, I've had a narrow squeak
For bedad, they'll not even let me speak,
Through fighting on the railway.

Hubbaboo, fillilloo, all the way,
Sure there was the devil to pay,
I never shall forget the day,
That I run after the railway.

WHEN THE MILL BLOWS.

When the wind blows
Then the mill goes,
Our hearts are light and merry,
When the mill drops,
Then the mill stops
We drink, and sing hey down derry

TUBAL CAIN.

Words by C. Mackay. Composed and sung by Henry Russell. Published in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung,
And he lifted high his brawny hand,
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet rout,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear,
And he sang hurrah for my handiwork,
Hurrah for the spear and sword,
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord.

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his own desire,
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loue for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
Spoils of the forest free.
And they sung hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strenth anew.
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true.

But a sudden change came o'er his head,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain,
For the evil he had done,
He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
And the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind,
And he said, Alas, that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy,
Is to slay their fellow-man,

And for many a day old Tubal Cain,
Sat brooding o'er his woe,
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he saug, Hurrah for my handiwork,
And the red sparks lit the air;
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;
And he fashioned the first plough share.
Then sing, Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
A tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword.

BEAUTIFUL SUMMER.

(Music at William's, Cheapside.)

Beautiful summer there's joy on your wing,
Around ye the breath of the flower bells cling;
There's sunshine and beauty wherever ye play.
Beautiful summer, oh, fly not away
Beautiful summer, oh, fly not away

In the forest thy pinions are wooing the trees,
Their green heads to bend to the light happy breeze;
And the flowers look up with a blush as ye fly,
To open their blossoms when summer is nigh.
Beautiful summer, &c.

Yet the bloom of thy flowers, the breath on thy wing,
The sunshine and beauty your happy days bring;
With the cold touch of winter will wither away,
Yet, summer, we'll love thee, though doom'd to decay,
Beautiful Summer, &c.

NELLY BLY.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, bring the broom along,
We'll sweep de kitchen clean my lub and hab a little song,
Poke de wood my lady lub, an' make de fire burn,
An' while I take de banjo down just gib de mush a turn.

Heigh, Nelly, ho, Nelly, listen lub to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.

Nelly Bly had a voice like de turtle dove,
I nears it in de meadow and I hears it in do grove;
Nelly Bly had a heart warm as cup ob tea,
An' bigger dan de sweet potato, down in Tennesse.
Heigh, Nelly, &c

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
An' when she wakens up again, her eye balls gin to peep,
De way she walks, she lifts her foot, an' den she brings it down,
An' when it lights, der's music dah, in dat part of the town.
Heigh, Nelly, &c.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, nebber, nebber sigh,
Nebber bring de tear-drop to de corner of your eye,
For de pie is mane of pumkins, and de mush is made of corn,
An' der's carn an' pumkins, plenty, lub, lying in the barn.
Heigh, Nelly.

GIVE ME A COT IN THE VALLEY I LOVE.

Give me a cot in the valley I love,
A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove,
I care not how humble, for happy 'twill be,
If one faithful heart will but share it with me,
Our haunts shall be nature's own beautiful bower,
Our gems shall be nature's own beautiful flowers,
There, wooed by the sunshine and kissed by the gale,
The proudest might envy our home in the vale.
Oh, give &c.

Lov'st thou to listen to music's sweet voice,
Oh, come to the woods where the song birds rejoice,
Or woulast thou be free—to the forest repair,
The stag in his freedom bounds merrily there.
When summer is gone, and the winter's chill hours,
Have rifled the greenwood and blighted the flowers,
Though icebound the brook, and snow-covered the dale,
The proudest might sigh for our home in the vale.
Oh, give, &c.

THE MISSELTOE BOUGH.

The misseltoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the baron's retainers were blythe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday.
The Baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child young Lovell's bride,
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be,
The star of the goodly company.
Oh, the misseltoe bough,

I'm weary of dancing, now she cried
Here tarry, a moment I'll hide, I'll hide,
And Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace.
The clue to my secret lurking place
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan.
And young Lovell cried, Oh, where dost thou hide?
I'm alone without thee, my own dear bride,
Oh, the misseltoe bough.

They sought her that night and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain when a week passed away,
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not,
And years flew by, their grief at last.
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past,
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
See the old man weeps for his fairy bride,
Oh, the misseltoe bough.

At length an old chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle. They raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
Oh, sad was her fate, in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
It closed with a spring, and, dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb.
Oh, the misseltoe bough.

UNDER THE WALNUT TREE.

Under the walnut tree, dance with me
Gay as fairy elves we'll be,
In some sylvan shade;
Trip it lightly o'er the verdant meadow,
Here no worldly sorrow shall our hearts invade
Under the Walnut tree, &c.

Oft by the glow-worm's light,
Elfins gay and spirits bright,
Meet beneath the branches height,
And dance till peep of morn;
Tripping lightly o'er the verdant meadow,
Night's pale nectar quaffing from the woodbine's horn.
Under the Walnut tree, &c.

THERE'S A BRIGHTNESS IN THINE EYE LOVE.

There's brightness in thine eye, love
Like light in summe r hours:
There's an odour in thy sigh, love,
More sweet than opening flowers.
There's Ruby on thy lip, love,
More bright than rosy wine,
From no other cup I'd sip, love,
But the nectar'd brim of thine.
There's a brightness &c.

The music of thy tongue, love,
Would still a seraph's voice;
There's a softness in thy song, love,
Like the breeze when flowers rejoice.
A world is thy kiss, love,
And in thy smiles I see
Such rapture, I've no wish, love,
But destiny and thee.
There's a brightness, &c.

WE'RE A NODDIN.

An' they're a' noddin, nid, nid, nod din,
Oh, they're a' noddin, at our house at home.
The cats love milk and the dogs love broo,
The lads love lasses, and the lasses love lads too;
Kate sits i' the neuk, wi' a pan full of broo,
And the carle tak' ye a', for ye're a' noddin, &c.

O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O we're a' noddin at our house at hame,
And how d'ye kimmer, and how d'ye thrive?
And how many bairns, ha' ye? kimmer, I ha' five,
And are they a' at hame? Oh, na na, na,
Twa o' them are gone wi' Willie far awa'
And we're a' noddin, &c.

DREAMING OF KATTY.

I
was dreaming of thee, darling Katty,
When you woke me wid that pretty kiss,
I dreamt you was joyous and chatty,
And sharin' wid me all my bliss
But now am I wastin' to sorrow,
From me you're a goin' to part;
Oh, stay wid me love! or to morrow.
Faith and troth I'll be breaking my heart.

Why leave the swate isle of ould Erin,
To live on a wild stranger soil?
Perchance to be wearin' and tearin'
Yourself all to pieces wid toil,
Then stay wid me, honey, don't lave me,
To battle thro' life all alone,
Oh, stay, for 'tis parting will grieve me;
Oh, stay, and be bone of my bone

Now don't ye be after a cryin'
And takin' on so—never mind
Tho' your father and mother are tryin'
To persuade ye yer Darby's unkind.
Now is it unkindness to wish me
To stay wid myself, ne'er to part?
There's a kiss for my darlin' cushla,
You're mine dearest pulse of my heart.

BRITANNIA THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

Or, Red, White, and Blue.

O Britannia the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion
The world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandate heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia rode safe through the storm;
With her garland of Victory round her.
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim
May the service united ne'er sever,
But still to her colours prove true,
The army and navy for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

COME, GENTLE MAY.

Come, gentle May,
Young spring for thy sweet breath is sighing,
Fading away,
The storms of old winter are dying,
And maidens fair
Now are searching the woodland bowers,
To deck their hair
With wreaths of thy beautiful flowers
Come, gentle May.

LOVE FAIN DID TRY.

Love fain did try to sever friendship's chain,
But as he broke the links they joined again,
Friendship with love united still remains,

TOAST.

A merry heart and a sound constitution.

THE MOON IS ON THE WATER.

When the moon is on the wa'er
I will hasten love to thee,
Of all earth's fairest daughters.
Thou the dearest art to me.
Tho' rude winds may ruffle the ocean
Still my bark shall tempt the sea.
And in the strains of pure devotion.
I will sing love songs to thee.

When my star of hope was waning.
There was one, but one heart true.
And which shared without complaining.
All the charms my bosom knew
It was thine my gentle Mary,
Thou wert all the world to me
And however fortune vary,
I will still be true to thee.

Thou wert dear to me in childhood
When the rose bud on its tree.
As it blossomed in the wildwood
Was an emblem love of thee
In thy youth thou wert still dearer—
With the dawn of reason came.
Thoughts that brought thee to me nearer,
Tho they bore not yet lovers name

But thy womanhood unfolding,
Won the secret from my heart,
And my life was in thy holding,
For 'twas death from thee to part;
I have loved thee gentle Mary,
I have loved thee thro' the past,
And however fortune vary,
I will love thee to the last.

I DREAM'T THAT I DWETT IN MARBLE HALLS.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls.
That I was the hope and the pride;
I had riches too great to count—could boast'
Of a high ancestral name:
And I also dreamed which charmed me most
That you loved me still the same,

I dream't that suiters besought my hand,
That knights upon their bended knees.
And with vows no maiden's heart could withstand,
That they pledged their faith to me
And dream'd that one of this noble host,
Came forth my hand to claim:
Yet I also dream'd which charm'd me most,
They loved me still the same.

THE PLEASURE OF KISSING

There's something in kissing, I can not tell why,
Makes my heart in a tumult jump more than breast high;
For nine times in ten,
So teazing
And pleasing
We find those rude creatures. the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again and again.

Though a kiss stop my breath, Oh! how little care I,
Since a woman at some time or other must die!
For nine times in ten,
So teazing,
And pleasing,
We find those rude creatures, th the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again and again.

GOING OBER DE MOUNTAIN

Oh I here I am both old and young,
Listan to my funny song,
I'll sing you one not very long,
Of going ober de mountain,
CRORUS.
Fare-de-well my own true lub
Fare-de-well my darling,
Oh, good bye my nigger gal,
I am going ober de mountain.

I fell in lub with a nigger girl,
And she I thought was a good gal,
But I am forced to leave my gal,
'Cause I'm going ober de mountain

My poor gal began to cry,
And with a cloth she wipe her eyes,
She told me that she would die
If I went ober de mountain,

My poor gal did faint away,
Then on the ground she did lay.
And I heard all the people say,
Him going ober de mountain.

Oh, frem the ground my gal did rise,
And with my coat I wiped her eyes,
Says I, lawk! my gal how you cries,
'Cause I'm going ober de mountain'

I kissed my nigger girl, and pressed her hand.
Her eyes ran like a fountain,
So good bye all my friends at home
I am going ober de mountain.

Now all good people I have done,
And I hope you will buy a song,
For you see I want some browns,
To help me ober de mountain

THE BOLD ADRGOON,

'There was an ancient fair, O she lov'd a neat young man,
And she could not throw six looks at him, but only thro' her fan,
With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx
Her quizzing glass her leer and sidle,
O! she lov'd a bold Dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle,—
Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

She had a rolling eye, its fellow it had none,
Would you know the reason why, it was, because she had but one;
With her winks and blink this waddling minx
She could'nt keep her one eye idle,
O! she leer'd at this Dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle,—
Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

Now he was tall and slim, and squab and short was grown,
He look'd just like a mile in length, and she like a mile stone;
With her winks and blinks this waddling minx
Her quizzing glass, her leer and sidle,
O! she sigh'd to this Dragoon, Dress your long sword, saddle, bridle,
Whack. row-di-dow, &c.

Soon he led unto the church the beauteous Mrs. Flinn,
Who a walnut could have crack'd 'tween her lovely nose & chin;
O then she winks in marriage links
The four, footed bride from church did sidle.
As the wife of this Dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle,—
Whack. row-di-dow, &c.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd when he laid her under ground,
Soon he threw the onion from his eyes and touch'd ten thousand pounds;
For her winks and blinks her money chinks,
He does not let her cash lie idle,
So long life to this Dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle.
Whack, row-di-dow, &c.

THE STUNNING MINCE PIE

Tune—The Great Meat Pie.

As blessings seldom come alone,
And we've had a meat pie, such a whopper!
But at meat alone some people groan
Of mince meat we'll have a topper.
While strowling out the other day,
A mince pie caught my eyes,
Its contents I'll give, and then you'll say,
It must be a tolerable tidy size.
Tol de rol, &c.

Ten thousand pounds of raisins new,
And of currants an equal share
With seventy tons of suit, flew
Into this Christmas fare.
Nine hundred pounds of fine fresh meat,
With seventy loads of flour,
And three hundred gallons of brandy neat.
To keep it from turning sour.
Tol de rol, &c.

Of citron peel five hundred pounds—
You must not think it a lie,
With fine salt beef, a hundred rounds,
Were put in this stunning mince pie,
About two million score of eggs,
And of apples about the same,
With butter, about nine hundred kegs,
The sugar I really can't name.
Tol de rol, &c

Of spices, I can scarcely tell
How many sacks were taken,
But this I know extremely well,
Their weight the earth was shaken.
The dish in which the pie was mix'd,
Took fourteen years to form,
And when the pie was in it fix'd,
For seven long years kept warm.
Tol de rol, &c

This pie it took three years to make
Eight hundred men to mix it,
Another year it took to bake,
And three months in the dish to fix it.
A sledge was made this pie to bear,
'Tis true, now, what I say,
And one hundred horses I do declare,
It took to draw it away.
Tol de rol, &c

Once, when this pie was being built,
The scaffold poles gave way,
And three hundred men or more were spilt
In this pie and melted away.
A thousand men were quickly brought
Their bodies for to find,
But not one single soul was caught,
So they were forc'd to leave 'em behind
Tol de rol, &c

KNOWEST THOU THE LAND.

An Original Song written by Emily, And sung by Miss Ward.

AIR.—'*The Land of the West.*'

KNOWEST thou the land, where the myrtle doth twine,
In the glades where the beams of the sun ever shine,
Where the fire flies glow, and the songst'rs above,
Are warbling sweetly in accents of love.
Oh! thither, oh! thither with thee would I fly,
In the arms of my lover to live and to die.

Know ye the land where the olive trees bloom,
And the earths brightest flowers throw around their perfume,
Where their incense delightful is borne on the breeze,
And the wild berries cluster and cling round the trees.
Oh thither, &c.

Know ye the land where the rivulets flow?
And a breeze ever soft fanneth all things below,
Where the song of the nightingales borne on the air,
And the whole face of nature is lovely and fair.
Oh! thither, &c.

Dost thou know where the language of beauty and mirth,
So loved and adored on this bright spot of earth,
Where the rivers soft breeze and the gales cooling breath,
Ne'er bore on their wings the sad tidings of death.
Oh! thither, &c.

Thither oh thither with thee would I go,
And dwell where the myrtle and citron trees blow,
I'd sail in a fairy bark o'er the blue sea,
And dwell my beloved for ever with thee.
Oh thither, &c.

THE CONTENTED MAN

THROUGH life 'tis my maxim to do my endeavour
To seek out contentment as much as I can,
Could I bear to be call'd avaricious no, never,
Let 'em say, Tho' he's poor, he's no covetous man,
My portion is small—what of that, I ne'er mind it,
Why should I with changes of fortune contend,
I take all along, good and bad as I find it,
I've enough for myself, and to spare for a friend.

I work to be sure, hard enough for my living,
Thank God, I can can earn just enough for support,
I think worth receiving, what he thinks worth giving,
And my cot I prefer to the smiles of a court,
I might be more happy, I do not deny it,
And tho' not so much as I wish to possess,
If I rail at hard fate, I get nothing by it,
Still I've something to spare for a friend in distress.

There's some folks their numskulls will often be puzzling,
And think by their wits soon to make themselves rich,
While others from morning to night willibe guzzling,
And with full flowing bumpers their pates they'll bewitch;
As for me, I don't trouble my head much with thinking,
I work late and early, and merrily sing,
And the greatest of lux'ries I find when I'm drinking,
Success to my country! Long life to my Queen!

WAKE, MAID OF LORN

Wake, maid of Lorn, the moments fly
Which yet that maiden name allow;
Wake, maiden, wake, the hour is nigh
When love shall claim a plighted vow.

By fear, thy bosom's fluttering guest,
By hope, that soon shall fears remove;
We bid thee break the bonds of rest,
And wake thee at the call of love.

Wake, Edith, wake! in yonder bay,
Lies many a galley gaily mann'd,
We hear the merry pibrochs play
We see the streamer's silken band.

What chieftain's praise these pibroch's swell?
What crest is on these banners wove?
The harp, the minstrel dare not tell
The riddle must be read by love.

GO TRIFLER, GO.

Go, trifler go, your flattery leave,
That lure which leads our sex astray
Still smiling, only to deceive,
And more securely to betray.

On Etna's side, thus verdure bright,
Deludes the swain, and hope inspires
While with an overwhelming night,
The dread Volcano pours its fires.

REASON AND PASSION.

Let not passion govern reason,
Or to wild luxuriance shoot:
Passion blooms a short-liv'd season,
Reason is a lasting root.

Cheerful as an April morning
Passion at its birth appears,
Vernal tints each hope adorning,
Vernal smiles, and vernal tears.

For the tear of fervid pleasure
Like an April dew-drop is,
Brilliant as an Eastern treasure,
Transient as the Zephyr's kiss.

But on solid truth relying,
When two hearts are join'd in one,
Reason, ev'ry change defying,
Gives an everlasting sun.

THE FISHING DUET.

Thus for men the women fair,
Lay the cunning cunning snare;
While like fish the men will rove,
And with beauty fall in love.
What is beauty but the bait,
Oft repented when too late.

If too rash you seize the prize,
Now display'd before the eyes;
How you'll rue when all is past,
Hymens's hook will hold you fast:
Ere you marry then beware,
Tis a blessing or a snare.

AWAKE, MY LOVE.

Awake, my love, with genial ray,
The sun returning glads the day;
Awake the balmy Zephyr blows,
The hawthorn blooms, the daisy grows,
The trees regain their verdant pride
The turtle woos his tender bride,
To love each warbler tunes his song,
And forth in dimples glides along.

O more than blooming daisies fair
More fragrant than the vernal air
More gentle than the turtle-dove,
Or streams that murmur through the grove;
Bethink thee all is on the wing,
These pleasures wait on wasting spring:
Then come the transient bliss enjoy,
Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

REMEMBER ME.

Written by T. Jones, and sung by Mrs Jersey at the London Concerts.

AIR—"*The Rose of Allandale.*"

When Mary meets her lover dear,
Within the shady grove;
She listens with a willing ear,
To his fond tale of love;
And when he leads her to the church,
And there on bended knee,
He vows to cherish, love, respect,
She'll then remember me.

Oft have we walked by yon brook side
And swore a mutual love.
The stars they heard the promise made
And registered above;
But now she's gone, another heart
Has won, the prize from me,
Oh! Mary fickle as thou art,
I'll e'er remember thee.

AS PENSIVE CHLOE.

As pensive Chloe walked alone,
The feathered snow came softly down
Like Jove descending from his tower
To court her in a silver shower.

The wanton flakes flew to her breast,
As little birds into their nest;
But overcome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolved into a tear!
Thence falling on her garment hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

TRUE COURAGE.

WHY, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wiping,
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way,
'Tis nonsence for trifles, I own, to be piping;
But they that han't pity, why I pities they.
Says the captain, says he I shall never forget it,
If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the sham,
Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it
But duty appeased 'tis in mercy a lamb.

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one not caring,
Helter skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive;
Swearing he for his part, had no notion of sparing,
And as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive.
But when that he found an old prisoner he'd woundd,
That once saved his life as near drowning he swam,
The lion was tamed, and with pity confounded,
He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom I should rescue from danger,
Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
Is nothing at all,—'tis the poor wounded stranger,
And the poorer the more I shall succour distress,
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And peril defy, as a bugbear a flam,
Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'll feel more by compassion when turn'd to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end;
And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the ocean,
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.
If my maxims d.sease, 'tis disease I shall die on,—
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!
In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
But, the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

NANCY.

YOU ask how it comes that I sing about Nancy
For ever, yet find something new,
As well may you ask why delight fills the fancy,
When land first appears to the crew.
When safe from the toils of the perilous ocean,
In each heart thanks of gratitude spring,
Feel this, and you'll have of my joy a faint notion,
When with rapture of Nancy I sing.

You and I nature's beauties have seen the world over,
Yet never knew which to prefer;
Then why should you wonder that I am no rover,
Since I see all those beauties in her
Why, you'll find about ships all you've known and been hearing,
On their different bearings to bring,
Though they all make their ports they all vary in steering,
So do I when of Nancy I sing.

Could a ship round the world, wind and weather permitting,
A thousand times go and come back
The ocean's so spacious 'twould never be hitting,
For leagues upon leagues the same tack;
So her charms are so numerous, so various, so clever,
They produce in my mind such a string,
That my tongue once let loose, I could sing on for ever,
And vary the oftener I sing.

Shall I tell you the secret, you've but to love truly,
Own a heart in the right place that's hung,
And, just as the prow to the helm answers duly,
That heart will lend words to the tongue.
No art do I boast of, no skill I inherit,
Then do not of my praises ring,
But to love and to nature allow all the merit,
That taught me of Nancy to sing.

GRAND CHORUS IN OBERON.

HENCE sorrow! hence care
Hail happy, happy pair,
Pride is humbled—envy dies,
And constancy obtains the prize.

IN EV'RY FERTILE VALLEY.

In ev'ry fertile valley,
Where nature spreads the grass,
Her lilly conduct rally
To every lad and lass;

Where weary reapers labours,
With Sylvia gay be seen,
Or to the pipe and tabor,
Light tripping o'er the green.

Where cowslips sweetly smiling,
Bedeck the verdant shade,
Appear the hours beguiling,
Or head some gay parade.

Pursue these methods boldly,
Nor sink in hopeless grief;
The fair, once treated coldly,
Will quickly grant relief.

ALL ENDEAVOURS FRUITLESS PROVE.

All endeavours fruitless prove,
Former pleasure to regain;
Sunk, alas! in hopeless love,
Can the slave escape his chain?

Leave, O leave me to endure,—
Probe not wounds that rend my heart,
When the patient's past a cure,
Med'cine but augments his smart.

A THOUSAND WAYS TO WEAN MY HEART.

A thousand ways to wean my heart
I've tried,
But can't remove him;
And, though for life I've sworn to part,
For life I find I love him.
Still, should the dear false man return,
And with new vows pursue me,
His flatrtering tongue would kill my scorn,
And still, I fear, undo me.

AS FORTUNE'S BILLOWS HEAV'D.

As Fortune's billows heav'd me,
When shipwreck'd on this shore,
A little bark receiv'd me,
Without a mast or oar.

At random's mercy lying,
Hope, love, and life my freight,
While ev'ry effort trying
To baffle with my fate—

This store, so dearly cherish'd,
One single breaker cross'd,
I sunk! my cargo perish'd—
Hope, love, and life, were lost.

AWAY WITH SUSPICION.

Away with suspicion, that bane to desire—
The heart that loves truly all danger defies,
The rules of discretion but stifle the fire:
On its merits alone true beauty relies.

What a folly to tremble
Lest the lover dissemble
His fire;
Turtles that woo,
Bill and coo;
While we enjoy we must be true,
And to repeat it is all we can desire.

SONG—EUPHROSYNE.

From Mirth the social joys of life
Celestial [illegible] gain:
No prudish [illegible] peevish strife
Shall join our jocund train.
Without my aid Content but nods
With vivifying smile,—
I mortals raise to mate with gods,
And every care beguile.

THE GOD OF LOVE,

The God of Love will ever
Heap blessings on the pair,
Where pleasings the endeavour
Both of the swain and fair.

Believe me, kind good-nature
Of beauty stands in place,
Gives bloom to ev'ry feature,
To ev'ry action grace,

Then never slight the lover,
Or draw too tight his chain,
Lest in the end the rover
Succeed the dying swain.

THINK NOT, BASE MONKEY.

Think not, base monkey, to cajole me so:
When at St, Giles's Church, full well you know,
We were out-ask'd above three months ago;
And if so be as how
We are not married now,
That it was my fault can you say?
Willing as the flowers in May.
What brought I this brass ring for, pray?
you came dress'd out upon the day;
I, too, was dress'd, a silly toad;
But frightened at the man in black,
At the church door you turn'd your back,
And ran away down Tyburn Road.

SINCE ARTFUL MAN.

Since so artful man so oft betrays,
By subtle wiles and hardy ways,
Our weak unguarded sex;
By oaths, dissembl'd sighs and tears,
To melt our hearts, to charm our ears,
And still our minds perplex:
In revenge I'm determin'd to treat
him with scorn,
And show him a nymph can perplex
in her turn.

But Strephon's heart, with purest
fire,
With kindest love, and fond desire,
Has ever warmly glow'd;
Yet his may be like all the rest,
A treach'rous bait to snare the breast,
And so my fears forebode,
Those fears, then, shall teach me to
treat him with scorn,
And show him a nymph can ensnare
in her turn.

A HINT TO LOVERS,

While you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure ruin lies in all you say:
To bring your toying
Up to enjoying,
Call first the priest, then name the
day.

Lasses are willing
As lads for billing,
When marriage vows are kindly
press'd:
Let Holy Father
Tie us together,
Then bill your fill, and bill your best.

THERE'S NOT A SWAIN ON THE PLAIN.

There's not a swain
On the plain,
Would be bless'd as I,
Oh, could you but smile!
But you appear,
So severe,
That trembling with fear,
My heart goes pit-a-pat all the while.

When I cry,
Must I die,
You make no reply,
But look shy,
And with scornful eye,
Kill me with your cruelty;
How can you be,
So hard to me.
There's not a swain, &c.

WHAT A PLAGUE IS LOVE.

Oh, what a plague is love;
I cannot bear it.
What life so cars'd can prove,
Or pain come near it?
When I would tell my mind,
My heart misdoubts me:
And when I speak, I find
With scorn she routs me

HAUGHTY CAELIA

Haughty Cœlia, still disdaining,
Ne'er shall triumph over my heart;
Ne'er will I, with mean complaining,
Sue for comfort to my smart.

I'll appear the careless rover,
Let her coquettish airs affect;
Like a gay, a happy lover,
Treat contempt with cold neglect

Ne'er, ye fair ones, damp the passion,
Where with honour love attends,
Never cross with indignation
Love that fairest truth commends.

Constant minds, alike disdaining
Insincerity and fraud,
Are their utmost wish obtaining,
While their hope their hearts applaud.

COME, THOU ROSY DIMPLED BOY.

Come, thou rosy dimpled boy,
Source of every heartfelt joy,
Haste to Phillida away,
This is thine and Hymen's day;
Bid her thy soft bandage wear,
Bid her for Love's rites prepare.

Let the nymphs with many a flower
Deck the rosy nuptial bower,
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen, too, be there.
This is thine and Hymen's day,—
Haste to Phillida away.

ADAM, OF BEING SINGLE WEARY.

Adam, of being single weary,
Panted for his destined dearee,
And, from himself this wife to crea
She soon was formed from his cheek
rib,
But for the pain had he no balm,
He slept like a porpoise in a calm.

But when this rib and he were one
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone
What sort of rest was Adam taking
Eve's clapper always kept him waking

FAIRY SONG.

Oh, my sighing, sighing fair,
Why will you despair
Riding through the air,
I'll attend you, and befriend you
Happy, happy pair
I'll drive away your care.

YESTRE'EN I MET HER ON THE MOOR.

Yestre'en I met her on the moor,
A sonsee lass I ween;
Her cheeks were flushed wi' crimson o'er,
An' love beamed in her e'en.

Sae soft, sae sweet, her lovely mou'.
'Twad shame the gowan flower;
An' arch'd was her bonnie brow,
Beyond the pencil's power.

'Twas melody itself to hear.
The words fa' fra her tongue;
That angels in their azure sphere.
Wi' list'ning rapture hung.

I glowed to be some happy swain,
Alone by the burn side.
An' Mary, who, on ilka plain,
Sae sweet an' fair a bride.

WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.

With an honest old friend and a merry old song,
And a flask of old port let me set the night long.
And laugh at the malice of those who repine.
That they must swig beer whilst I drink wine.

I envy no mortal tho' ever so great
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate.
But what I abhor and esteem as a curse
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless and gay,
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away,
Upheld by old friends we our foes may despise,
For the more we are envied, the higher we rise.

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale.
You must promise to come, for I said
I would show the night flowers their queen;
Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
Oh meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
But there's something about the moon's rays,
That is sweeter to you and to me.
Oh, remember, be sure to be there,
For though dearly a moonlight prize,
I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of your eyes,
So meet me by moonlight alone.

I LEAVE MY HEART WITH THEE

I leave my heart with thee, my love,
Tho' forc'd from thee to stray;
Wi' mickle grief I onward move.
And lonely take my way.
How tedious will the hours appear.
Each day's a year to me!
For ah, my love, my only dear
I leave my heart wi' thee.

Tho' fragrant wreaths my eyes invite
Thy beauty smiles around,
In roses red, in lilies white,
Thy blooming sweets are found;
Nae other charms my een can cheer,
Alike all seem to me,
For ah my love, my only dear,
I leave my heart with thee.

At my return, ah, may I find
Thy truth defy auld Time:
I'll bring thee pelf, that rules mankind
Ere yet I've lost my prime;

Thy vows of truth alone can cheer
Alone give bliss to me.
For ah, my love, my only dear,
I leave my heart with thee

LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

Love wakes and weeps,
While Beauty sleeps!
O for Music's softest numbers!
To prompt a theme
For beuty's dream
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing
O wake and live;
No dream can give
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling

MY BOSOM IS PROOF.

My bosom is proof against transports and vows,
The fawning of treacherous man,
Who by artful grimaces, by cringing and bows,
Ensnares every woman he can.

His transport is false, and his vows are a cheat,
His oaths and his cringing a lie,
Each practis'd alone their desires to complete,
And gain what we ought to deny.

Poor Daphne too soon own'd the flame in her breast,
Too easy, too quickly was won;
Her swain from that moment, a rover confess'd,
Forsook her, a maiden undone.

And now, if young Strephon had conquer'd my heart, [he,
To my wish were none pleasing as
I sooner would die than this secet impart,
T ll I prov'd he as truly lov'd me,

'TURN, O TURN, RELENTLESS FAIR.

A DUET

Turn, O turn, relentless fair,
Pity hapless Strephon's pain,—
Raise him from the last despair,
Smile, and bid him live again.

Prithee, lay aside your folly:
How can I or take or give
Sprightly mirth or melancholy?
But if that contents you—live.

Too well you know your art and pow'r,
Ev'ry way my woes to calm,—
The wound will heal from that sweet hour
Wherein you pour a friendly balm.

'Truth, I pity your condition;
But if your poor heart must bleed
Till I act your kind physician,
Your case is desperate indeed.

rE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM.

ye flowers that bloom in yonder mead,
Where flows the crystal tide,
And nibbling lambkins sportive feed
Along the current's side,
ye oft have seen, and smil'd to see,
My love to him, his love to me

Witness, ye flocks, ye herds, ye fawns,
That o'er the pastures stray
Witness, ye mountains, groves and lawns,
Each painted child of May,
The greatest bliss I e'er can prove
Is to return my shepherd's love.

A SHEPHERD LONG SIGH'D.

A shepherd long sigh'd for a beautiful fair,
And in rapture discover'd his love;
Not doubting the nymph would dispel his fond care, [prove;
And his amorous transports approved;
Though she, to compassion insensible grown,
No glimpe of delight would impart;
When he sigh'd at her feet, she replied with a frown, [smart.
And rejoic'd at his sufferings and

He suffer'd long time this impertinent scorn,
Nor thought of upbraiding the fair;
But secretly pin'd in the bower forlorn,
Involved in the keenest despair:
Till his friend, who observ'd him heart-wounded with grief,
Lamenting his fruitless desire,
Resolv'd that the nymph should afford him relief, [fire.
And in turn feel the force of love's

Too artful, her passion she never had own'd,
Though it triumph'd alone in her breast;
But laugh'd while the shepherd in misery moan'd,
And wander'd a stranger to rest;
Advis'd then his bosom no longer to vex, [dain;
But her haughtiness treat with disHe own'd a feign'd courtship, her breast to perplex,
And convert to delight all his pain

WHEN A FOX.

When a fox for a while
Hath rejoic'd in the spoil,
Which with villanous craft he hath plundered,
And escap'd every snare
That the hounds could prepare,
When alarmed by the cries of the hundred;
What pleasure, at last,
To see the cur fast,
And grinning with pain and despair.
The vallies all ring,
The peasants all sing.—
The felon is conquer'd, O rare

THE TRIUMP OF WINE

WHAT though from Venus Cupid sprung,
No attribute divine
—Whate'er the bawling bards have sung—
Had he his bow till Bacchus strung,
And dipp'd his darts in wine:

Till old Silenus plung'd the boy,
In nectar from the vine;
Then love, that was before a toy,
Became the source of mortal joy;
The urchin shook his dewy wings,
And careless level'd clowns and kings—
Such power has mighty wine.

When Theseus on the naked shore
Fair Ariadne left,
D'ye think she did her fate deplore,
Or her fine locks or bosom tore,
Like one of hope bereft?

Not she indeed; her fleeting love
From mortal turns divine,
And as gay Bacchas' tigers move,
His car ascends amidst a grove,
Of vines, surrounded by a throng,
Who lead the jolly pair along,
Almost half gone with wine.

Ma'am Helen loved the Phryglan boy
He thought her all his own;
But hottest love will soonest cloy,
He ne'er had brought her safe to Troy
But for the wife of Thone.

She, merry gossip, mixed a cup
Of tipple, right dive,
To keep love's flagging spirits up,
And Helen drank it ev'ry sup;
This liquor is, 'mongst learned elves,
Nepenthe call'd; but, 'twixt ourselves
'Twas nothing more than wine.

Of Lethe and its flow'ry brink
Let musty poets prate,
Where thirsty souls are said to drink,
That never they again may think
Upon their former state.

What is there in this soulless loss,
I pray you so divine!
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which for a time, were well forgot;
Come here, then, in our lethe share,
The true oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

THOU MAN OF FIRMNESS.

THOU man of firmness, turn this way,
Nor time by absence measure,
The sportive dance, the sprightly lay,
Shall wake thee into pleasure.

Spite of thy formal outward man,
Thou'rt gay as we shall prove thee;
Then cheer thee, laugh away thy span
And let the spirit move thee.

None are more just, more true, more fair,
More upright in their dealings,
Than men of thy profession are,
But are they without feelings?

E'en now I know thy honest heart
Full sorely doth reprove thee;
Be gay then, in our joy take part,
And let the spirit move thee.

TOO PLAIN, DEAR YOUTH.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But, for love's sake, let it suffice,
You reign'd triumphant there

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your sway:
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey

But, could your arts successful prove,
Wou'd you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love.
And that her love for you?

Say would you use that very pow'r,
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease my dear to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me, than betray,

Be you yourself my virtue's guard;
Defend and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
To combat love and you.

'TIS TRUE THAT OFT.

LUBIN.

'Tis true that oft, in the same mead,
We both have led our flocks to feed,
Where by each other's side we've
sat:

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

'Tis true for thee this cot I rose,
Where thou tak'st pleasure to repose:
For which I found the greenest plat:

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

'Tis true when tir'd thou fain wouldst
rest,
And thy dear lips to mine I've prest,
Thy breath so sweet I've wonder'd at.

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

Ah, but 'tis true, when thou hast
slept,
Closer and closer have I crept;
And while my heart went pit-a-pat—

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

AH TELL ME SOFTLY.

CAROLINE.

Ah tell me softly, breathing gale,
Did you my voice obey?
Ah did you tell the plaintive tale,
The tender sigh convey;
Ah faithless gales ye were unkind,
Ye did no sighs convey.

JUBA.

Who singy there so much me please;
How music set my heart at ease,
That voice me sure have in my mind,
Who singy there I pray;
Ah missy is it true,
Or only fancy still untrue

CAROLINE.

Go haste to let thy master know,
The transport of my mind,
Ah may I hope if he return,
A constant heart to find.

LOOSE EVERY SAIL TO THE BREEZE.

Loose ev'ry sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improve;
I've done with the toils of the seas,
Ye sailors. I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
My griefs I fling all to the wind;
'Tis a pleasing return to my care,
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all filled to my dear;
What Tropic bird swifter can move?
Who cruel shall hold his career,
That returns to the nest of his love

Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze;
Come, shipmates, and join in the
song,
Let's drink, while the ship cuts the
seas,
To the gale that may dtive her alon g

TOBACCO, GROG AND FLIP.

Whate'er the pleasures known on
shore,
They've little charms for me;
Be mine the sea—I ask no more,
'Tis Jack's variety.
Give me tobacco, grog, and flip,
An easy sail, a tight built ship;
In ev'ry port a pretty lass,
Vn round, for me, the globe may pass

When tired of land, our pockets low,
With will alert we steer
O'er hostile seas, attack the foe,
For sailors know no fear.
Our prize in tow, we're all agog
For fresh tobacco, flip, and grog:
In port each seeks his fav'rite lass,
And bids the world undheeded pass.

CONSTANCY AND LOVE.

Of all the blessings known below,—
And few those blessings prove—
The greatest, sure, that mortals know
Are Constancy and Love.

The woes of life, though sometimes
loud
And sometimes dark they prove,
Catch rays of comfort on each cloud,
From Constancy and Love.

Partaken pleasures doubly please,
And on each sense improve;
Partaken sorrows too decrease,
Through Constancy and Love.

Such calm delights let those despise
Whose maxim is to rove;
Be ours the solid joys that rise,
From Constancy and Love.

KATHELIN AND TEDDY.

KATHELIN sat all alone,
Not a soul beside her,
While from Teddy, who was gone,
Oceans did divide her
His pipes, which she'd been us'd to hear,
Careless left behind him.
She thought she'd try her woes to cheer,
Till once again she'd find him
'Twill not do you loodle loo,
Arrah, now be easy;
Ted was born with grief to make,
Kathelin run crazy.

She takes them up and lays them down,
And now her bosom's panting,
And now she'd sigh, and now she'd frown,
For Teddy still was wanting,
And now she plays her pipe again,
The pipes of her dear Teddy,
And makes them tune his favourite strain,
Arrah, be easy, Paddy!
Ah! 'twill not do, you loodle loo;
Arrah, now be easy!
Ted was born with grief to make,
Kathelin run crazy.

Teddy from behind a bush,
Where he'd long been list'ning,
Now like lightning forth did rush,
His eyes with pleasure glist'ning,
Snatching up the pipes, he played,
Pouring out his pleasure,
Whilst half delighted, half afraid,
Kate the time did measure
Ah! that will do, my loodle loo;
Arrah, now I'm easy!
Ted was born with joy to make
Kathelin run crazy,

WHEN NAPOLEON WAS FLYING.

WHEN Napoleon was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier dying,
To his brother bade adieu!

And take, he said, this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken,
In affection's latest breath.

Sore mourn'd the brother's heart,
When the youth beside him fell
But the trumpet warn'd to part
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him
For that gallant soldier sigh'd;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

CHILD OF EARTH WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

Child of earth with the golden hair
Thy soul's too pure and thy face too fair,
To dwell with creatures of mortal mould,
Whose lips are warm as their hearts are cold!
Roam, roam, to our fairy home,
Child of earth with the golden hair.

Thou shalt dance with the fairy queen,
Through summer nigts, on the moonlit green;
To music murmuring sweeter far,
Than ever was heard 'neath the morning star;

I'll rob of its sweet the humble bee,
I'll crush the wine from the cowslip tree;
I'll pull the berries, I'll trap the bed
Of downy moss and the poppies red!

Dim sleep shall woo thee, my darling boy,
In her mildest moods with dreams of joy,
And when the morning ends her reign,
Pleasure shall bid thee welcome again.

LITTLE THINKS.

LITTLE thinks the townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What must be the lass's life
Who a soldier marries,
Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
With her jolly soldier.

In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only grieved her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning,
But the doubtful skirmish done
Blithe she sings at set of sun,
Lira lira la,

Should the captain of her dear,
Use his vain endeavour
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,
To two fond hearts to sever;
At his passion she will scoff,
Laughing, thus she puts him off,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
For her jolly soldier.

DON GIOVANNI.

Tune.—Yankee Doodle.

I'm Don Giovanni from below.
So you'd better treat me civil,
Amongst the girls my bait I throw,
For I'm a perfect devil.
But down below I could'nt stay,
For the maids I must be kissing;
Among the nymphs I used to stray,
For I never could be missing.

So ladies all pray mind the snare,
For I can tip the blarney,
By calling you my duck and dear.
So mind young Don Giovanni.

Below I went for all my sins,
And playing up old Harry,
And praising up young ladies chins,
And promising to marry.
The gentleman in black down stairs,
Has thirteen handsome daughters,
I kiss'd them all to drown my cares,
In spite of all his porters.

Old Nick has got a scolding wife,
To tell her acts 'twould tire ye,
She caused old Nick such lots of strife
Her temper was so fiery,
So old Nick said to me one day,
My wife has caused much sorrow,
So if you will lead her astray,
You shall go on earth to-morrow.

So then I tried my wi on her,
My tongue I ne'er mov'd faster,
My tender words soon caused a tear,
And I was quickly master.
But Nickolas soon jealous grew,
And said he'd tell his mother,
He vow'd I had not served him true,
And kick'd up such a smother.

So soon I cross'd the river Styx,
In a ship with some young lasses,
And with them played such funny tricks,
And smash'd the plates and glasses.
The captain's wife she said to me,
Without me she was undone,
But the captain said I made too free,
So landed me in London.

So pretty maids I pray take care,
For men are all in invention,
To make your hearts as light as air,
The rest I need not mention.
But I hope I have offended none,
So pray excuse all my blarney,
And ladies all I hope you'll come,
And see young Don Giovanni.

THE MARINER'S TOAST.

Tune—See the conquering hero

You ask me for a toast, my boys,
I will not keep you long,
Nor offer an apology,
For giving it in song.
So grasp your glasses cheerily,
And take the time from me—
Here's 'The Mariners in harbour,
And the jolly tars at sea!

What would our wealthy merchants do
If sailors they were now—
Or what our Queen upon her throne
The royal navy gone?
Our sea-girt isle, a desert land
Or prison-house would be.
If 'twere not for our mariners,
In harbour and at sea?

Huzza, then, for the British fleets
Of merchandize and war—
Huzza! huzza, for those who give
Employment to the tar.
Huzza—huzza—huzza, my boys,
We'll toast it three times three—
For the 'Mariners in harbour,
And the jolly tars at sea!'

TIN!

Tune—Sich a nice young man.

The dandy, looking in his glass,
Says, with a knowing grin—
I will make love to any lass
Provided she has the 'Tin.'
The soldier, tir'd of war's alarms
With saving worn quite thin,
Declares fierce love his bosom warms
For girls who've got the 'Tin'
Tiddy tol lol,&c.

The lawyer throws aside his brief
Despairing for to win—
And tries another suit—the thief
With ladies who have 'Tin.'
The parson preaches penitence,
And tells us 'tis a sin
To love a damsel for her pence,
Yet marries for the 'Tin.'
Tiddy tol, &c

They care not for the pouting lip,
Dark eyes and snow-white skin,
If girls have only got the scrip—
They only want their 'Tin.'
A woman may be lean and old,
Red nose, and double chin—
And yet she'll find some wretch that's mean,
To wed her for her 'Tin.'
Tiddy tol &c.

LISTEN DEAR FANNY.

Listen dear Fanny, oh listen to me
Thy soldier lad offers his love song
to thee, [token of war,
He throws by his sword, and each
And wanders by night with his
peaceful guitar. [to me,
Then listen dear Fanny, oh, listen
Thy soldier lad offers his love song
to thee.

Listen dear Fanny, tho' many there be
Professing to love thee, none love
thee like me, [beware,
Beware of the jealous, oh, lady
Their green eyes seek falsehood in
all that is fair,
Then listen, &c.

THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Air—The Old House at Home.

(Original.)

In the days of my youth when I
liv'd free from strife, [life,
At home in our village a contented
Where tee birds, sung so sweetly, and
lambkins did play,
And the lads and the lasses were
making the hay, [forsooth,
While I live on this earth, I can ne'er
Forget my sweet home, and the days
of my youth.

I then knew no cares, my young
heart to annoy, [destroy,
My happiness then could no sorrow
No comfort my parents me ever
denied, [chide,
And without a reason me never did
I am never so happy, and that is the
truth, [my youth.
As when I look back on the days of

In my youth I was free from all
sorrow and pain, [again,
Such days I'm afraid I shall ne'er see
For all things are changing, believe
what I say, [flown away,
And old ancient customs are all
I shall never again I am certain
forsooth, [my youth.
See the times I beheld in the days of

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

The boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades, [little maids,
And if ever they meet with the nice
They'll kiss 'em, and coax 'em, and
spend their money free,
And of all the towns in Ireland,
Kilkenny for me.
Fal de ral, &c.

In the town of Kilkenny there run
a clear stream, [a fair dame
In the town of Kilkenny there lives
Her lips are like roses, and her
mouth much the same,
Like a dish of sweet strawberries
smother'd in cream.
Fal de ral, &c.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's
black coal, [burnt a big hole,
Which through my big bosom have
Her mind like its rivers is mild, clear
and pure, [marble I'm sure,
But her heart is more hard than its
Fal de ral

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines
were it stands.
And the more I think on it the more
my heart warms,
For if I was at Kilkenny I'd think
myself at home,
For its there I get sweethearts, but
here I get none,
Ful de ral, &c

LONG TIME I'VE COURTED YOU MISS

Long time I've courted you Miss,
And now I'm come from sea,
We'll make no more ado, Miss,
But quickly married be.
Sing fal de ral. &c

I ne'er will wed a tar, sir,
Deceitful like yourself,
'Tis very plain you are, sir,
A good for nothing elf.

I ne'er deceived you yet Miss,
Tho' like a shrew you rave,
But prithee scold and fret, Miss,
A storm I well can brave,

False man you cohrted Sally,
You filled with vows her head,
And Susan in the valley,
You promise you would wed:

Tis useless to contend, madam,
So let the storm subside,
Our courtship's at an end ma'am,
You ne'er shall be my bride

My nonsense pray excuse sir,
Oh, bid me not adieu,
Although I did refuse sir,
I mean to marry you.

Then dearest girl surrender,
Yes, love, I'll be your wife,
I'll be your defender,
And I'll be true for life;
We'll wed and the bells shall ring,
And then we'll merrily sing.

WOMEN AND WINE.

Women and wine compare so well
They run in a perfect parallel;
For women bewitch us when they will—
And so does wine.
They make the statesman lose his skill;
The soldier, lawyer, and divine;
They put strange whims in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool:
Then, since the world thus runs away,
And women and wine
Are alike divine,
Let's love all night, and drink all day.

GLEE.

Now wives and children make no noise,
And care with mirth we reason,
Let's push about the bowl my boys,
For drinking is no treason.
Here's love and friendship—hand and heart; [dom;
To worth here's health and free-
May every rogue have his desert;
More friends to those who need them.

MY LIFE'S THREE PARTS DIMINISH'D.

My life's three parts diminish'd;
And when the sum is finish'd,
The parish bell may toll,
Gramercy on my soul:
Ding dong,
Swing swong.
Methinks my old companions say,
That though his hairs are now grown gray,
Old Russet, once upon a day,
When all was mirth and jollity,
When sports went round, and bells did ring, [sing.
Could briskly dance, and blythe could
And then upon the green to see,
His rustic feats—'twas who but he?
I'd give this bauble, life, away,
Without a sigh, could I but stay
To see a little infant care,
Like Henry brave, Louisa fair;
Could I see this, I'd yield, content,
A life, I hope, not badly spent.

AH, HAVE YOU FORGOT

Ah, have you forgot, then, unkind as you are, ['squire's
When housemaid I liv'd at the
All the wine and good things that I scribb'd with such care,
Every morn when I lighted the fires? [my broom,
And have you forgot how I lean'd on
And in rapture heard all that you said, [the room
Till scolded I got for not sweeping
And beat for not making the bed?

When you told me you'd have me my brush and my mop,
Kept time while with pleasure I'd sing; [ler's shop
And soon 'twas the talk at the chan-
You had purchas'd the licence and ring, [from the church,
But when with such joy, we return'd
And with truth I could call you my own, [in the lurch,
You swore that I ne'er should be left
And I envied no queen on her throne.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

Like a tennis ball am I, [high
Now sinking low, now bounding
Bandied here, and bandied there,
To and fro, and every where,
Now on the topmost round.
Of Fortune's wheel I fly:
Now am I grovelling found,
Beneath her feet to lie:
Still like a tennis ball I fare,
Now on the ground, now in the air,—
Bandied here, and bandied there,
To and fro, and every where.
Contentment, health, and competence,
Are rarely found in any lot;
And therefore will I learn from hence
To keep and prize the one I've got

I ROW'D FOR THE PRIZE.

I row'd for the prize,
To receive from those eyes
A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile;
But lest I should lose.
And you for that fault your poor Tom should refuse,
My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while,
When we came to the pull,
How I handled my skull,—
'Twould have done your heart good to have seen us,
There was not a boat's length between us,
But, the Swan once in view,
My boat how it flew,
And I verily believe 'twas all thinking of you.

THE CUNNING COBLER DONE OVER.

A STORY, a story to you I will tell,
Concerning of a butcher who in London did dwell,
The butcher was possessed of a beautiful wife,
And a cobler he loved her as dear as his life,
To my tal riddle I do, riddle lal di da.

Now the butcher went to market to purchase an ox,
And then the little cobler as sly as any fox,
He put on his sunday clothing, a courting he did go,
I was to the jolly butcher's wife, because he loved her so,
To my fal di riddle I do, &c.

The cobler then stept into the butcher's shop,
The butcher's wife knew what he meant, and bid him for to stop,
For the cobler said my darling, have you got a job for me,
The butcher's wife so cunning, said I'll go up stairs and see,
To my tal di riddle I do &c.

She went up to the bed-room and give the slob a call,
Saying I have found and easy job if you have brought your awl,
And if you do it workmanlike, some cash to you I'll pay,
I thank you said the cobler, and began to stitch away,
To my tal di riddle I do, &c.

But as the cobler was at work a rap came at the door,
The cobler crawled beneath the bed and lay upon the floor,
Lay still says the butcher's wife what will my husband say,
Then she let a policeman in along with her to play,
To my fal di riddle I do, &c.

The cobler lay shivering and frightened to move,
The butcher's wife she said my dear, my darling, and my love,
No the cobler thought within himself, O how he'd treat his wife,
I really think the bed will fall I do upon my life
To my fal di riddle I do, &c.

Now the butcher came from market, and it put them in a fright,
The policeman scrambled down the stairs and soon was out of sight,
The butchers wife so nimbly did lock the bedroom door,
And in her fright she quite forgot the cobler on the floo .
To my fal di riddle I do, &c.

The butcher then found out, when he lay down in bed,
O something here is very hard the butcher smiled and said,
His wife said its my rolling pin, the butcher could but laugh,
Saying how came you to roll your dough' with a Policeman's staff,
To my fal di riddle I do, &c.

The butcher threw the truncheon underneath the bed,
And there he broke the chamber-pot and cracked the coblers head,
The cobler bawled out murder, said the butcher who are you,
Why I am the little cobler who mends your lady's shoes.
To my fal di riddle I do, &c.

O if you are the cobler, said the butcher come with me,
I'll pay you well for mending shoes before I've done with you,
He locked him in the bullock's penn the bull began to roar,
And the butcher laughed to see the bull roll him o'er and o'er.
To my fal di riddle I do, &c.

Then early the next morning, when the people was about,
The butcher rubbed his face with blood, and turned the cobler out,
He pin'd a paper on his back and on it was the news
This cobler in the bedroom goes, to mend the ladies' shoes.
To my fal di riddle I do, &c.

The people seemed all frightened as home the cobler run,
His coat and breeches were so torn, he nearly shewed his bum,
His wife was frightened, as in he ran and knocked her on the floor,
He said you brute, I'll never go out mending any more.
To my fal di riddle I do, &c

THS ANCHORSMITHS.

LIKE Ætna's dread volcano see the
ample forge,
Large heaps upon large heaps of
jetty fuel gorge,
While salamander-like, the pond'-
rous anchor lies,
Glutted with vivid fire thro' all its
pores that flies,
The dingy anchorsmiths, to renovate
their strength,
Stretch'd out in death-like sleep
are snoring at their length,
Waiting the masters signal when the
tackles force,
Shall like split rocks, the anchor
from the fire divorce;
While as old Vulcan's cyclops did
the anvil bang,
In deafening concert shall their pon-
d'rous hammers clang.
And into symmetry the mass incon-
gruous beat,
To save from adverse winds and
waves the gallant British fleet.

Now as more vivid and intense each
splinter flies,
The temper of the fire the skilful
master tries;
And as the dingy hue assumes a
brilliant red,
The heated anchor feeds that fire
on which it fed.
The huge sledge-hammers round in
order they arrange,
And waking anchorsmiths await the
look'd for change,
Longing with all their force the ar-
dent mass to smite,
When issuing from the fire array'd
in dazzling white;
And as old Vulcan's cyclops did the
anvil bang,
To make in concert rude their pon-
d'rous hammers clang,
So the misshapen lump to symmetry
they beat,
To save from adverse winds and
waves the gallant British fleet.

The preparations thicken; with forks
the fire they goad,
And now twelve anchorsmith the
heaving bellows load,
While arm'd from every danger, and
in grim array,
Anxious as howling demons waiting
for their prey.
The forge the anchor yields from out
its fiery maw.
Which on the anvil prone, the ca-
vern shouts hurraw!
And now the scorch'd beholders want
the power to gaze,
Faint with its heat, and dazzled
with its powerful rays;
While as old Vulcan's cyclops did the
anvil bang,
To forge Jove's thunderbolts, their
pond'rous hammers clang;
And till its fire's extinct, the mon-
strous mass they beat.
To save from adverse winds and
waves the gallant British fleet.

ELLEN AND LINDOR.

ON beds of snow the moon-beam
slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom
When by the grave poor Ellen wept.
Sweet maid, it was her Lindor's
tomb.

A warm tear gush'd the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away;
All night it lay an ice drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel wand'ring from her sphere,
Who saw this bright this frozen
gem,
To dew-eyed pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem.

HARK AWAY, 'TIS THE MERRY TONED HORN.

HARK away, 'tis the merry toned
horn,
Calls the hunters all up in the morn
To the hills & the woodlands we steer,
To unharbour the outlying deer;
And all the day long this is our song
Still hallooing and following so
fro'ic and free;
Our joy knows no bounds, while
were after the hounds, (we.
No mortals on earth are so jolly as

Round the woods when we heat how
we glow,
While the hills they all echo hollo,
With a bounce from his lair the stag
flies, [through the skies.
Then out shouts long resound
Then all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the valleys or
climb,
Up the hearth blooming mountain.
sublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel,
Which alone they who taste can
reveal.
And all the day long, &c.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

When you meet with a woman deserted,
expos'd to the world and its cares,
Abandoned, forlorn, tender-hearted,
And fearful, each step, of new snares,—
'Tis of every man but the duty,
Whilst he sees her oppress'd with her fears,
By soothing,
And smoothing,
And vowing
And bowing,
And ogling and sighing,
And melting and dying,
To give consolation to beauty,
And to persuade her to dry up her tears.

Behold, then, your champion in me, ma'am:
With pity I find you distress'd;
Confide, then—you quickly will see, ma'am,
How gladly I serve the oppress'd.
Believe me, I think it my duty,
While I see you o'ercome with your fears,
By soothing, &c.

BEFRIEND ME, EV'RY TENDER POWER.

Befriend me, ev'ry tender power,
A lover's hopes befriend;
Be this the bright auspicious hour,
When all my cares shall end;
When dread suspicion's far away,
So sweetly I'll beguile
In rapture, ev'ry passing day,
To see Marcella smile.

The heaviest chains are easy borne,
The culprit once repriev'd;
And though I'm from my fair one torn,
My bosom is relieved;
For dread suspicion far away,
I sweetly shall beguile,
In rapture, ev'ry passing day,
To see Marsella smile.

WHY MUST I APPEAR SO DECEITFUL?

Why must I appear so deceitful,'
I cannot, dear father, comply·
For, could I think him so ungrateful,
With anguish I surely should die.

What so tender, at parting, he told me,
Which such joy to my bosom conveyed,
When next he was doom'd to behold me,
Could I think would be this way repaid?

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!
Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along;
And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
Thou and I will be first in the throng.

Just then when the swain who last year won the dower,
With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each bower,
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless what mortal can blame? [be free,
'Tis my maxim that youth should
And to prove that my words and deeds are the same,
Believe me thou'lt presently see.
While the lads, &c.

AH DROOP NO MORE.

Ah, droop no more,
The thunder's roar,
That sounded deep and loud,
Thank heaven! at last
Is gone and past,
With every threat'ning cloud.

Calm is the air,
The morning's fair,
The sun begins to shine;
A smiling day
Now seems to say,
Marcella shall be mine,

A COBLER'S LOVE SONG.

Whene'er I am mending a shoe,
Every thing in my stall that I view
To my doting remembrance brings you, [throb.
While my heart in my bosom goes
The best upper leather's your hair;
your skin is the lining so fair:
My awl to your eyes I compare,
Which wounded the heart of poor Snob.

Your teeth, which like ivory show,
Are the pegs in a white even row,
Which I drive while at every blow
My heart in my bosom goes throb.
Each object of you bears a part,—
Your wit, that's so piercing and smart, [heart,
Is my knife, but my lapstone your
Which will ne'er let you pity poor Snob.

ANTAGE OF A BLIND HUSBAND.

She who, link'd by her fate,
To a sour, churlish mate,
And to some smart young flatterer
dares not be kind,
Who a look fears to steal,
That her flame would reveal,—
What would that woman give, were
her husband but blind?

She in youth's early bloom,
By a too severe doom,
To decrepit old age whose hard pa-
rents have join'd—
How bless'd would she be,
Till death set her free,
Could she add to his gout that her
husband were blind.

In short, we all choose
With our different views,
And 'tis right each should pick out a
mate to her mind:
For me, let my dear,
Since men are so clear,
Be blessed with a spanking large for-
tune, and blind.

THE BELLS ARE BEGUN.

The bells are begun, and the music
folk play; [of day;
The fine flags are flying in sunshine
The sea and the shore with loud
echoings ring. [our Queen.
Her Majesty comes, and we honour

The shepherd to-day leaves his flock
to their feed;
To-day the good housewives no mar-
keting need;
The milkpail is empty, the spinning
wheel still, [the mill.
And lasses to-day take no corn to

Our rakes lie neglected among the
new hay, [of this day;
And ploughs are forsook for the sake
Abroad all is mirth—so we seek for a
share— [after care.
At home we're left labour to look

'Tis holiday all, and we'll holiday
make, [jesty's sake:
'Tis all for—God bless him—her Ma-
Though simple my song is, and sim-
ply I sing, [live the Queen.
Yet who can say better than—Long

THE LAD DISCREET.

The lad discreet, with healthfu heart,
Taks bra'ly ilka honest part;
He laughs to scorn daft scandal's
wrang, [sang,
And cheerfu' sings contentment's

The cadgy lad lilts doon the field
O'er heather braes by whins or bields;
Fra ilka ill he turns a-jee:
Sic, sic a life's the life for me.

To Queen, my country, faith and hame
Sic love I bear, I'll bear na shame:
The din o' Fasheon's cheels fra me:
Na, na, sic life's na life for me.

A pawky loon loves paltry pelf,
Wa worth the dowie cankart elf!
If siller comes, why let it be,—
But honour first of all for me.

'TIS VAIN DEAR FRIENDS.

'Tis vain, dear friends, each art to
try;
To neither lover's suit inclin'd.
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely
But prize the graces of the mind,
The empty coxcomb whom you
choose,
Just like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blow.
Seems born to flutter and decay.

Your choice an honest aspect wears,
To give him pain I oft have griev'd
But it proceedeth from my fears,—
Than me much wiser are deceived.
I thank you both, then, for your
love,—
Wait for my choice a little while
And him who most shall worthy
prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile

LOVE-REASONS

Cherries and plums are never found
But on the plum and cherry-tree;
Parsnips are long, turnips are round,
So Wilhelmina's made for me.

The scythe to mow the grass is made,
Sheds to keep close the straggling
tree;
The knife, to prune; to dig, the spade;
So Wilhelmina's made for me.

THEN FAREWELL, MY TRIM BUILT WHERRY.

Then farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell!
Never more at Chelsea ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go;
Where, exposed to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward
steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh may cry—'Poor Tom!'

OH SAY WILT THOU LOVE ME'

An Original song written by W. C. Chatfield, and sung by Mr. Marvin, at the London concerts.

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Air—Poor Bessy.

Oh say that thou wilt love me,
And the beauty of thy youth,
The joyous laugh, and beaming eye,
Shall pledge me with its truth,
And as the Ivy, round the oak,
Its mantling branches fling;
So in the winter of thy life,
My love to thee will cling.

Oh say that thou wilt love me,
And be for ever mine,
And tender joys, and tender cares,
Shall link my soul to thine.
And I will steer my fragile bark,
Throughout life's stormy sea;
And year's of blissful happiness,
Shall prove my love to thee.

Oh say that thou wilt love me,
With all thy teeming grace,
And the beauty that hath won me,
Old time shall ne'er efface.
Oh say that thou wilt love me,
And my heart with fondling pride,
And cherished hope's, and cherished thoughts,
Shall claim thee, as my bride,

THE GIPSY QUEEN.

Oh, 'tis I am a gipsy queen,
And where is there a queen like me?
That can revel upon the green,
In boundless liberty,
What though my cheek is brown,
And wild my raven heir;
A red cloth hood my crown,
And my sceptre the wand I bear.
Yet 'tis I am the gipsy queen.,

With my kingdom I'm well content
Though my realms but the hawthorn glade;
And my palace a fattered tent,
Beneath the willow shade.
Though my banquet I'm forced to make,
On haws and berries a store;
And the game that by chance we take,
From some neighbouring hinds barn door.
Yet 'tis I am the gipsy queen

Tis true I must ply my art,
And share in my subject's toils;
But of all their gains I've a part,
I've the choice of all their spoils.
And by love and duty led,
Ere from my jet black eye,
One sad tear should be shed,
A thousand hearts would die.
For 'tis I am the gipsy queen

HE THAT WILL NOT MERRY BE

He that will not merry merry be.
With a generous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post,
Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry merry be,
nd take his glass in course,
May he be oblig'd to drink small beer
Ne'er a penny in his purse.
Let him be merry, &c

He that will not merry merry be,
With a company of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
To confound him with her noise.
Let him be merry, &c

He that will not merry merry be,
With his mistress in a bed!
Let him be bury'd in the churchyard,
And me put in his stead,
Let him be merry, &c

DOT AND CARRY ONE.

Pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings,
Have at my fingers' end,
A how to sell, and how to buy,
To borrow, or to lend;
But this, tho' I ne'er went to school,
My pate has run upon,
Addition be my golden rule,
Ha! dot and carry one.

At loss and gain a scholar good,
Right early was I taught,
To gain of guineas all I could,
To lose—the devil a groat;
For fractions and divisions, when
They practise sword and gun,
Substract myself I will—and then,
Ha! dot and carry one.

But words no more I'll numerate,
And thus the sum total lies
Of war no more I'll sing, or prate,
Reduction I'll despise,
And, if cockade and roguish eye,
Has not my Susan won;
If she's resolv'd to multiply,
Ha! dot and carry one

THE BARREL OF PORK.

TWO Israelite brothers in New-York once dwelt,
And in all kind of merchandize freely they dealt,
They were thought to be wealthy between me and you,
Each brother was really as rich as a Jew,
Tol rol &c.

No creditor e'er went away from their door,
Till death call'd on Moses to settle his score
No mortal can ever evade such a call
So Moses he slept sirs his last sleep of all.
Tol rol, &c.

Then Isaac, his brother exclaim'd lucky elf,
All his goots and his monies belong to myself,
Ah! but stop, dere's his vill, I must just read it through.
To see what poor Moses would have me to do.
Tol rol, &c.

The vill thus it run, when I shall cease to live,
All my cash and my goods to my brothers give,
Upon this condition, that hard he shall toil,
To bury my body in English soil.
Tol rol, &c.

Isaac tried ev'ry captain but could not prevail,
For none would agree with the body to sail;
But not to be baulk'd he set quickly to work,
And embark'd it at last as a barrel of pork.
Tol rol, &c.

Mo was cut up to pieces with chopper and knife,
He had never been cut up so much in his life;
Isaac wrote to his agent, to tell him his plan,
And begged him to bury the poor pickled man.
Tol rol, &c.

Some months after this as he walked on the wharf,
He met with the Captain, a sallow faced dwarf,
Vell goot, Cantain he cried, looking cautiously round,
You delivered my barrel I hope, safe and sound. Tol rol, &c.

Said the Captain friend Isaac, I'm sorry to say,
That during our trip we were near cast away:
When in sight of Old England we lay a sheer hulk,
And provisions being scarce, we were forc'd to break bulk.
Tol rol, &c

Break bulk, roared out Isaac, your worse nor a turk;
But surely you ne'er broke my parrel of pork!
Indeed but we did, cried the captain, dont huff,
For I'll pay you a good price, though it was devilish tough.
Tol rol, &c.

O mine got, cried poor Isaac, as I am a sinner,
You've eat my poor proder Moses for dinner.
Your brother why zounds, then myself and crew,
Have regaled for three days on a piece of tough Jew,
Tol rol. &c.

But come now friend Isaac, to finish this work,
I'll pay for your brother as though he was pork,
No, no, replied Isaac, though we cheat one another,
Our law wont permit us to sell our own brother,
Tol rol, &c.

The Captain in his purse was putting his gold,
Which Isaac espying, cried goot Captain hold,
Though I cant touch de cask for dat broder of mine,
You can pay me you know for de parrel and prine.
Tol rol, &c.

BEAM HOPE.

BEAM Hope,, lovely maid, from above,
But doubt, fear, and jealousy cease,
Olivia's the name of my love,
And the olive the emblem of peace.

Sly mischief to cupid belongs,
He crosses, perplexes, ensnares,
Yet spite of his torments and wrongs,
Joy and pleasures oft follow his cares.

STILL HE'S THE MAN.

What woman could do, I have tried, to be free;
Yet, do all I can,
I find that I love him; and, though he flies me,
Still, still he's the man!
They tell me at once he to twenty will swear;
When words are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear?
So, when you have said all you can,
Still, still he's the man!

caught him one day making love to a maid:
When to him I ran,
He turned and he kiss'd me. Who then could upbraid
So civil a man?
The next day I found to a third he was kind,
I rated him soundly—he swore I was blind:
So let me do all that I can,
Still, still he's the man!

The shepherds all bid me beware of his art,—
I do what I can;
But he has taken such hold of my heart,
I doubt he's the man.
So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
He may have his faults, but if none I can find, [can?
Who can do more than they —still is the man.

SOMEHOW MY SPINDLE I MISLAID.

Somehow my spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass;
Damon, advancing, bow'd his head,
And said, 'What seek you pretty lass?'
A little love, but urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far,

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
That I my spindle lost just now.
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from a tree he cut a bough.
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld,
He talked of love; I leap'd for joy;
For, ah! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c.

TO DIE IS NOTHING.

To die is nothing, 'tis our end, we know, [woe;
But 'tis a sure release from all our
'Tis from the mind to set the body free,
And rid the world of wretched things like me.
A thousand ways our troubles here increase, [our peace;
While care succeeding care destroys
Why fly we, then? what can such comfort give? 'to live
We cease to suffer, when we cease

SONG—MOMUS.

Each mortal tasting first of breath
Is heard to wail and cry;
Sorrow to me is worse than death,
I never grieve, not I
But laugh at dull spleen, and defy her worst dart, [my heart.
While one ha, ha, ha, I can find in

The learned, brave, the rich, the wise,
By turns experience care;
While I the wrinkled hag despise,
And all her venom dare.
I'll laugh at dull spleen, and despise her worst dart,
While one ha, ha, ha, ha, I can find in my heart.

A SIMILE.

The travellers that through deserts ride,
By conduct of some friendly star,
When clouds obscure their trusty guide,
Out of their course must wander far.
So I, with pensive care and pain,
In absence still must stray,
Till you, my star, shine out again,
And light me on my way.

THOUGH TO HAVE A BOUT AT DRINKING.

Though to have a bout at drinking
When I hear the glasses chinking
There's nothing but I'd do or say,
Yet Skirmish shall ne'er run away.

For here is his motto, and so there's an end; [fawn and are civil;
He's none of your flatterers who
But for country, his bottle, his king, and his friend, [to the Devil
Little Skirmish would go half-way

Soldiers often fickle prove;
Who can know his mind for ever?
We forgive you false in love,
But deserters never, never.

NOW SAFE MOORD',

Now safe moor'd, with bowl before us
Messmates heave a hand with me
Lend a brother sailor chorus,
While he sings our lives at sea.

O'er the wide wave-swelling ocean
Toss'd aloft or humbled low,
As to fear, 'tis all a notion,—
When our time's come, we must

WOMAN SHOULD BE WISELY KIND.

Woman should be wisely kind,
Nor give her passion scope;
Just reveal her inclination,
Never wed without probation,
Nor in the lover's mind
Blight the sweet blossom, hope,
Youth and beauty kindly love,
Sighs and vows may fan the fire;
Sighs and vows may traitors prove—
Sorrow then succeeds desire,
Honour, faith, and well-earn'd fame,
Feed the sacred lasting flame.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

I saw what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings and bow,
And aspect mild,
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
And beg'd I would some boon bestow,
On a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant complied,
When he drew from his quiver a dart
Cry'd,—
'My power you shall know;'
Then he level'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

THE WORLD'S MASTERS.

When we come to the age of three-score,
By our maxims in vain we set store:
A girl in her teens
Will find out the means
To fret us and plague us, and teaze
out our hearts:
Till our giant wit
Is forc'd to submit
To her puny hearts.

Like bells that eternally jangle,
you may scold, you may fight, you
may wrangle;
If they're set on't, you'll see
They masters will be;
Nay, though you secure them as safe
as your pelf,
They'll lead you the life of the devil
himself.

'TIS BEAUTY, COMMANDS

'Tis Beauty commands me,
My heart must obey,—
'Tis honour that calls me,
And Fame leads the way
From the soft silken fetters of pleasure I fly,— [honour will die
With my love I must live, or with
I wake from my trance—
Bring the sword, shield and lance
My name shall be famous in story;
Now danger has charms,
For love sounds to arms.
And love is my passion and glory.

OH TAKE THIS WREATH.

Oh, take the wreath this hand has wove
The pledge and emblem of my love,
These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue, [true.
While you are constant, kind, and

But should you, false to love and me,
Wish from my fondness to be free,
Foreboding that my fate is nigh,
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die.

CONQUER AND FORGIVE.

Though strong your nerves to poise the spear,
Or raise the massive shield.
Though swift as lightning, through the air
The sword of death you wield,
'Tis from the heart the power must flow
To conquer and forgive the foe.

Though, edg'd by spells and magic charms,
Your sword may reap renown,
'Tis honour consecrates your arms.
And gives the laurel crown,—
'T s from the heart the pow'r must flow
To conquer and forgive the foe.

LOWLY FELICITY.

Happy the nymph who ne'r can know
Distractions which from riches grow,
Remov'd at distance from the great,
Who willing lives in low estate.
One 'fountain is her mirror and her drink, [think
And if she's pleas'd, what others
It matters not—of joy secure,
Bless'd in the little heaven has sent,
Her only pride is that she's poor,
Poor, but content.

CRUEL FRIENDS PURSUE ME.

Cruel friends pursue me,
Torment me, and undo me:
My rising hopes are cross'd,
My sword and shield are lost.

My heart with valour glow'd
Fame her temple show'd,
Fiends have interpos'd,
The gates are ever clos'd.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE.

OH, tell me when & tell me where'
Am I to meet with thee my fair
I'll meet thee in the silent night
When stars are shining gently light,
Enough for love, & not too bright,
To tell who blushes there.

You've told me when, now tell me
where,
And I to meet with thee my fair;
I'll meet thee in that lonely place,
Where flowerets dwell in sweet em-
brace,
And Zephyr comes to steal a grace,
To shed on the midnight air.

You've told me when, and told me
where,
But how shall I know thou'lt be
there;
Thou'lt know it when I sing this lay,
Which wandering boys on organs
play,
No lover sure can miss his way,
When led by this signal air—
Fal la la—this signal

BLYTHE WAS SHE

BY Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the barken
shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass,
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was
she,
Blythe was she batt and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Ern,
And blyther in Glenturit glen

Her looks were like a flower in May
Her smiles was like a Simmermorn
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, &c.

Her bonny face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae
sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd
wide,
And o'er the lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trode the dewy green.
Blythe, &c

OH! LADY FAIR.

OH! Lady fair, where art thou
roaming?
The sun has sunk, the night is com-
ing,
Stranger, I go over and moun-
tain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain

And who's that man, with his white
locks flowing,
Oh! lady fair where is he going?
A wandering pilgrim weak I falter,
To tell my beads at Agnes altar.

Chill falls the rain, night winds are
blowing,
Dreary and dark's the way we're
going,
Fair lady, rest till morning blushes
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.

Ah! stranger, when my beads I'm
counting,
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' foun-
tain.
Then, pilgrim, turn, & rest thy sor-
row,
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to mor-
row.

Good stranger, when my beads I'm
telling,
My saint shall bless thy leaf dwel-
ling.
Strew, then oh! strew our bed o
rushes,
Here we must rest till mornin
blushes.

CARE FLY FAR AWAY

CARE, fly far,
Joy's bright star
Now gaily glancing,
Sets spirits dancing;
Strains of woe,
Cease to flow;
To airs of pleasure,
Ah! change measure.

Winter's night,
Take the flight,—
Come, May's morning,
Green earth adorning,—
Come with bloom,
And perfume,—
Twist garlands vernal
To prove eternal.

SUCH A NOBBY HEAD OF HAIR

Tune—He was such a nice young man

You've called on me to sing a song
I'll try what I can do.
I don't say whether good or bad, but
that I'll leave to you,
The subject's now before you, and I
firmly do declare,
There's no one in this room can sport
such a nobby head of hair
Tol de rol, &c.

Perhaps you think I'm bragging but
one thing it is most clear.
If you only twig the company that sit
around me here,
But something I will tell you,—now,
pray don't at me stare—
There's nothing half so handsome as
a nobby head of hair.
Tol de rol, &c.

When an infant I a wonder was, but
upwards as I grew,
At school I so surprised the boys, they
in mobs around me flew;
But when a young man I had grown,
my mother said, if I took care,
I soon should catch a heiress by my
nobby head of hair.
Tol de rol, &c.

I go to all places of amusement, and
see everything that's new—
Balls, plays, White Conduit Gardens,
and Eagle Tavern, too,
I feel prouder than Prince Albert, when
the ladies see me there,
To hear the buz of admiration at my
nobby head of hair.
Tol de rol. &c

Although my hair is elegant, it often
gets me into scrapes.
At the Zoological the other day, 'twas
well pulled by the apes,
And in making my escape from them,
I was grappled by a bear,
It fancied that I was its cub by my
nobby head of hair.
Tol de rol, &c.

I'ot liking this brute treatment, from
the gardens I did roam—
I caught a lady ogling me—I asked to
see her home,
Her husband we met on the road, he
asunder us did tear,
Then he drag'd me through a horse-
pond by my nobby head of hair.
Tol de rol, &c.

He left me near dead with affright, and
wet through to the skin—
A mob soon came around me—they
did nought but jeer and grin,
A policeman took me into custody,
and solemnly did swear,
I a member of the swell mob was, by
my nobby head of hair.
Tol de rol, &c.

To the magistrate my innocence I
pleaded, but in vain,
He said 'To prison you must go, your
guilt it is quite plain.'
So, to the treadmill I was sent—put
on the silent system there,
But what griev'd me most, they cut
off my nobby head of hair.
Tol de rol, &c

I thought it would have drove me mad
but it grew again so fast,
It put me in such spirits that I soon
forgot the past—
The mill it dragged down all my fat,
I looked so lean and spare,
My friends they knew me only,—by
my nobby head of hair.
Tol de rol, &c

But now that I am free again. I'm
happy as a king,
That's one reason why to night, you
see, I've come here to sing;
But this is a fact you can't deny, it
is a thing most rare—
To see a handsome chap like me, with
such a nobby head of hair.
Tol de rol, &c.

AH, CAN I E'ER FORFET THEE

Ah, can I e'er forget thee, love, when
far from thee away?
Should grief a pang supply,
I'll pay thee sigh for sigh,
Ah, can I e'er forget thee, love?
No, never.

When thy charms recollecting,
Can fancy ever rove?
On thy virtues reflecting,
Can time e'er weaken love?
Ah, can I e'er forget thee, &c.

Ah, no! returning thou shall find,
To meet, if now we part,
Thy virtues rooted in my mind,
Their image in my heart.
Ah, can I e'er forget thee, &c.

A MAIDEN THERE LIVED.

A MAIDEN there liv'd in a large market town
Whose skin was much fairer—then any that's brown—
Her eyes were as dark as the coals in the mine,
And when they wer'nt shut, why they always would shine.
With a black eye, blue eye, blear eye, pics eye, swivel eye, and squinting.

Between her two eyes an excrescence arose.
Which the vulgar call snout, but which I call a nose,
An emblem of sence it should seem to appear,
For without one we'd look very foolish and queer.
With your Roman, Grecian, snub-nose, pug-nose snuffing snout, and sneezing.

Good natur'd she look'd that's when out of a frown,
And blush'd like a rose—when the paint was put on,
At church ev'ry morning her prayers she would scan,
And each night sigh and think of the duty of man,
With her groaning, moaning, sighing, dying, tabernable,—love feasts,

The follies of youth she had long given o'er,
For the virgin I sing of was turn'd fifty-four,
Yet suitors she had, who, with words sweet as honey,
Strove hard to possess the bright charms of her money,
With her household, leasehold, freehold, and her copyhold and tenement,

The first who appear'd on this amrous list,
Was a tailor who swore by his thimble and twist
That if his strong passion she e'er should refuse,
He'd depart from the world, shop, cabbage, and goose,
With his waistcoat, breeches, measures, scissors button-holes, and buckram,

The next was a butcher, of slaughter-ox fame,
A very great boor, and Dick Hog, was his name,
He swore she was lamb—but she laugh'd at his pains
For she hated calves head—unless serv'd up with brains—
With his sheep's head, lamb's fry, chitterlins—his marrow-bones, and clevers,

After many debates, which occasion'd much strife,
'Monget love sick admirers to make her their wife,
To end each dispute came a man out of breath,
Who stop'd with the maid, and his name was grim Death,
With his pick-axe, sexton, coffin, funeral, skeleton, and bone-house

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FORGET THEE

FORGET thee!—in my banquet hall
Go ask my fellow men,
Or ask the tear that secret falls,
If I forget thee then,
The midnight hours with song and wine,
I ever shar'd with thee,
The midnight hours, they still are thine,
And fatal memory!

Forget thee!—in the mirthful dance,
There steals some eye's bright ray
Like thine—that makes me with its glance,
Turn swift in tears away,
Go ask my minstrels, when they breathe,
The verse the poet's pen,
With each Parnassian sweet hath wreath'd,
If I forget thee then,

Forget thee!—Oh, there is but one,
Could from my memory chase,
Each sweet charm I've gaz'd upon,
Each softly winning grace,
To be that one's my first, first vow,
I pledg'd with infant breath,
And he comes to demand me now,
Thy rival, love—is death,

Forget thee!—when my funeral urn,
Thy tearful gaze shall meet,
And censers of aroma burn,
Exhuling at my feet,
When winds and storms careering sweep,
Unheeded o'er my breast,
And cypress waves—then turn and weep,
And own my love's at rest.

MISTER BARNEY.

Mister Barney one day went to Limerick fair,
And hired a noddy to carry him there,
To meet pretty Shela Megan.
But shela had waited some time for the boy,
And thought he'd been playing with Katty Molloy,
To tell him her mind thus began;
Och! Mister Barney,
None of your carney;
Hands off, and don't be so free
You've been with the girls,
Your muffin-face tells,
And the devil may have you for me,
Mister Barney.

Mister Barney, who little thought thus to be used,
Made an oath that his honour and word she abused,
And could she be Shela Megan?
Then running to kiss her—he cried,
if you're wise,
Don't touch me, or, Barney, I'll scratch out your eyes,
I know you're a vile wicked man.
So, Mister Barney,
None of your carney;
Hands off, and don't be so free.
you've been with the girls,
Your baby-face tells, &c.

Mister Barney then pull'd out a bit of a rope,
And told her, that since he had nothing to hope.
He'd hang up for Shelah Megan.
But Shelah, grown softer, his purpose to check,
Cried, No; if you hang, let it be round my neck,
Though, Barney, arn't you a sad man?
Och! Mister Barney,
Pretty faced Barney
And is it the ring there I see?
We'll ride in the noddy,
To father O'Teddy,
And married, och! no, we won't be—
Mister Barney.

NEW HAY WAFT ITS SWEETS.

New hay waft its sweets on the breath of the morn.
The dew drop encrystals the sweet scented thorn,
And white are the lambkins, fresh blooms the wild rose
When mornings soft kisses its blushes disclose.

Thy breath, lovely Mary, excels the new hay
Thy eyes are like crystals that spangle the spray,
And white is thy bosom, no lambkin so fair,
Nor blush of wild roses with thine can compare.

MODERN APPEARANCES.

If to form and distinction, in town you would bow,
Let appearance of wealth be your care:
If your friends see you live, not a creature cares how,
The question will only be, where?

A circus, a polygon, cresent, or place,
With ideas of magnificience tally,
Squares are common, streets queer, but a lane's a disgrace;
And we've no such a thing as an alley.

A first floor's pretty well, and a parlour so so;
But, pray, who can give themselves airs,
Or mix with high folks, if so vulgarly low
To live up in a two-pair of stairs.

The garret, excuse me, I mean attic floor,
(That, s the name, and its right you must know it.)
Would be tenantless often; but genius will soar,
And it does very well for a poet.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Richmond hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign, to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air
And wanton thro' the grove,
O whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her I love.
This lass so neat &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own!
Oh may her choice be fixed on me,
Mine's fix'd on her alone.
This lass so neat, &c.

HARK! THE LOUD TUNING HORN.

Hark; the loud tuning horn bids the sportsman prepare
And the hounds woo him forth to the lawn;
The huntsman proclaims that the morning is fair,
And Aurora with red streaks the dawn.

With pleasure he hearkens to the heart sounding cheer,
Shakes Morpheus and slumber away
While joyful he starts, and with speed doth appear,
The foremost to welcome the day
While his pleasure full glowing enlivens his face,
And the hounds in full concert rejoice.

From the sportsmen, ye drones, you may learn how to live,
Exempted from pain or disease;
He'll shew that the fields and the meadows will give.
That health which you barter for ease.

SWEET MR. LEVI.

WHEN a pretty little boy,
A young merchantman so gay,
With my lollipops and toys,
Of Duke's place I bore the sway.
The pretty little maidens,
With their pretty little smile,
Dey s ole my little heart,
For my senses they beguile.

SPOKEN Vel, I remember the day when I tramped with my little shop round my neck, and turned my honest living; but den de little shedebels always was upon my thoughts—dere (was their cry) dere goes sweet Mr. Levi! dere goes charming Mr. Levi!—dere goes handsome Mr. Levi!—dere me! dere me! the sound of their pretty little voices always made me sing. Fal, lal, la, &c.

A few yea s pass away,
And a young man soon I grows
When around in London streets,
I chant away old clothes;
Clo sale—clo sale—clo—
I raise aloud the cry,
And as I pass along,
How the pretty damsels sigh.

SPOKEN Bless thy heart! vel, va can I do! I console vith em as vel as I am able; and though a circumscribed Jew, I tickles their fancy as well as the best, for I always make 'em sing, Fal lal la. &c.

Den my uncle Aaron died,
And I was heir for life;
So I thought myself as how
To get a little vife;
I'd kissed and toyed away
When many a vixen she,
But I vanted one alone
To kiss and toy vid me.

SPOKEN So left off trading in old clothes, to trade with ladies' hearts: so I makes love to Miss Rachael, and she beautiful creature, melts my heart like a stick of dutch sealing wax, which makes me sing.
Fal lal la, &c.

So married soon I got.
And sung "begone dull care,"
And nine months after that
I danc d a little heir;
Then Jacob, Mo, and Sue,
Vid Samuels so sly,
How happy was the Jew
Vid such a family.

SPOKEN Bless my heart, vat a happy rogue vas I; I thought myself richer than Solomon in all his glory, for I had got the true begotten children of my heart around me, and vat could my vife and I do but sing,
Fal lal la, &c.

BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

MY pretty Jane! my pretty Jane,
Ah never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me in the evening,
When the bloom is on the rye.

And spring is waning fast my love.
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming love,
The moon shines bright and clear.

Then pretty Jane my dearest Jane,
Ah never look so shy,
But meet me meet me in the evening
While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring,
The lads and maids in favours white,
And the village bells shall ring.

The spring is waning fast my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then pretty Jane, &c.